

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I GET AROUND-

Ron Richards'  
COLUMN

**CASTLE GORING**, happened when the Germans were there." One of the show places in Worthing, is brought into the news on account of the sale of some of its valuable furnishings at Bedford Hall.

Castle Goring, lying three miles from the sea, was built between 1793 and 1808 by Sir Bysshe Shelley, the grandfather of Percy Bysshe Shelley, as a home for the great poet, who, however, never lived there.

Its architecture is unique, in that on the north side it is built in imitation of a Gothic castle, while on the south it represents an Italian villa.

When first purchased from its original owner, Admiral Sir George Brooke Pechell, the grounds covered only 132 acres, but when the father of the late Lady Somerset (grandmother of the present owner, Mr. Cecil Somerset) took it over, he enlarged the estate to 2,500 acres, which it covers at the present time.

Castle Goring is a notable landmark in the neighbourhood, and many notabilities have been entertained from time to time within its hospitable walls.

Intimately associated as the Somerset family has been with Sussex cricket, it is not surprising to note that several international cricket teams from overseas have been made welcome guests at Castle Goring.

THE Castle was noted also for the famous pictures which adorned its walls, two of which are specially deserving of mention.

A huge family group by Cosway, painted in 1800, was remarkable by the fact that the artist seldom executed anything but miniatures.

Another very rare picture was the portrait of "Peter the Great," painted by Ludolf Backhuysen, the famous Dutch marine artist, in 1697. The history of this picture is a romantic and interesting one, as it was formerly one of the treasures at St. Petersburg, where it was housed for 200 years.

Beyond a few broken windows and some machine-gun bullets through the roof, Castle Goring has not suffered at the hands of the Luftwaffe since the war started.

INTRIGUED by an advertisement in a morning newspaper, which offered Scotch whisky for sale to private consumers, I telephoned the advertiser, a Doncaster publican, who told me that he has 200 dozen bottles to dispose of.

He wants to sell it at £26 a case of a dozen bottles, and assured me that he will have no difficulty in doing so. Nearly 50 cases have gone already. His turnover on the deal will be over £5,000.

I ask you, chum, is it worth it?

E.N.S.A.'s weekly Press notice says: "E.N.S.A. troupes in Sicily say that it is a great shock for them, after a show, to be invited to a military mess for a drink and some food. It never

FROM an American magazine I take this:

The food situation continues good in Reno. No scarcity of anything—say chocolate sauce for the still real vanilla ice cream! The steaks are still tender, cream still thick and gooey, butter and chicken and eggs still plentiful. No shortage of potatoes, green vegetables, salads or milk. Liquor stores are doing their own rationing of bourbon and Scotch; drug stores of cough drops and aspirin.

Any boats going West?

THE unearthing of a Cornish penny by Mr. T. C. Duckett while working in a field at Chapel Farm, Tre-gajoran, Carn Brea, recalls an earlier period when there was a war-time shortage of copper. Of the inscription on the coin, all that remains legible is "Dolcoath Mine." It has a crest which occupies the whole of one side, and consists of a shield supported by two unicorns and surmounted by a baronial crown. The Latin inscription might be "Pro Rege Et Populo," or "For the King and the People."

At about the time of the Napoleonic Wars permission was granted to certain concerns to coin token money. This was because of a shortage of State copper coins, a metal which was urgently needed to cover the bottoms of the ships-of-war. When these coins had served their purpose they were recalled, which would probably account for their now being comparatively rare.

Ron Richards

## It's easy Jangling a Joanna

(Just follow Charlie Kunz)

DANCE music is printed today in the simplest form, and if you want to make the most of it on the piano you must be able to carry out certain embellishments and interpret the rhythmic and melodic idiom in a different way from that expressed in the printed copy.

It would not do for publishers to give, note for note, a complicated "professional" arrangement of all the popular tunes, for half the pianists in the country would be unable to play them!

Special arrangements of some tunes are available, but there is no reason why every amateur pianist should not be able to interpret in his own way a simple piece of dance music, as published, and make it sound at least a near approach to the work of a professional pianist heard on the radio.

Two things you will notice about average printed dance music. One is that the bass is very simple and rarely includes octaves or difficult chords.

Sometimes only single notes are shown where the tune has to be played at rapid tempo, and it is assumed that the average pianist would not have time to do his left-hand work accurately if there were a full bass.

The other point is that the treble, giving the melody, is arranged in simple chords



played within the compass of the first octave on the piano.

Everything like this needs rearranging if you want to improve the level of your dance playing. The bass must be made more comprehensive to accentuate the rhythm, and the treble must express the melody in a modern manner, not necessarily using common chords, but occas-

ionally bringing discords into play.

I won't become too technical, but consider the ordinary foxtrot played in the key of C. You will generally find that the first bar has a bass formation consisting of C, chord, G, chord. This is repeated in the next bar, unless some change of chord in the treble has taken place. When I say C chord, G chord, the unstressed chord is generally G C E.

Don't play the bass in single notes, for that sounds "empty." Try to play the first chord of each bar in tenths. This is not difficult to understand or carry out.

Any ordinary full chord is an octave—that is to say, in the left hand you have your little finger on lower C, your thumb on upper C, or on upper and lower G, as the case may be. That is an octave—eight notes.

Now extend the thumb of your left hand two notes higher to embrace a tenth. Probably you will not be able to stretch the whole chord, but a rapid left-hand movement will make the chord sound nearly complete.

Your thumb accentuates the top notes of the tenth, and the tonal effect is quite different from that given by an ordinary full chord.

Practise this a little, using the "tenth" chord at the beginning of every bar, and you will soon get in the swing of it. You will find that the thumb of your left hand is accentuating a note which harmonises with the chord formed by the right hand.

Quickly you will begin to realise that some of the clever effects obtained by radio dance music pianists are the result of this left-hand thumb accentuation.

Too many amateur pianists play the whole of the right-hand work in octaves. Of course, you can make a nice noise in this way, but it is certainly not melody!

Dance music is seldom published with the treble work in octaves, or even in octave chords, because there are few

the Joanna.

It is much better because you use only two fingers or one finger and the thumb, and the result in some cases is slightly sharp and discordant, but the effect is to stress the melody if your bass formation is smooth and melodious as I have described.

Many trick pianists play all the melody in fourths (that is, a chord separated by the distance of three notes), and although I do not approve of this, fourths do sometimes give a nice effect.

One other secret. In music, a common chord is that made up of the ordinary major scale.

For instance, the common chord of C is C E G C. That kind of chord you will find occurring time and time again.

Sometimes you can produce a very melodious effect by changing your chording and playing instead, say, C E A C. The shift from G to A, only one note higher, makes the chord ring out and accentuates the melody.

When you are playing for the microphone you have to use every possible method to emphasise the melody, because you cannot stamp on what is popularly but incorrectly called the "loud" pedal of the piano. If you do this you would blur all your notes, and you have to play everything precise and clean cut.

I tell you, it's easy to play

## and the Home

### GLAMORGAN DISCOVERY.

BUILT into the wall of the old town hall of Kenfig, in the Vale of Glamorgan, is a 100-year-old safe, the keys of which had been lost for generations.

The Trustees decided recently to have the safe opened by a locksmith. The operation has led to startling and historic discoveries.

Inside was found the secret of the mystery of the lost Charters of the ancient buried city of Kenfig. Overwhelmed by sand in the distant past, the buried city lies amid the dunes a short distance from Porthcawl.

When the old wall safe was smashed open, a bundle of strips of parchment fell out. They related to the appointment of noted Glamorgan folks as burgesses. Inside a bundle of documents were found the original Charters. The first, dated 1397, with the seal perfect, was granted by Thomas Le Despencer, Lord of Glamorgan.

### LETTER LOVE.

BACK in 1938 a lonely sailor on the South Africa station

wrote to the Mayor of West Bromwich (his home town), asking His Worship to help him find a wife.

The sailor's letter was published in the local papers, and produced 57 replies, which were duly forwarded to the would-be bridegroom, Able Seaman Richard Thomas Howell.

Richard picked on a likely gal, Winnie McGowan, a brunt, who was a clerk in a solicitor's office at Birmingham. He replied to her letter at once. Winnie wrote back, and they went on writing to each other until Richard returned to England.

Well, that romance blossomed all right, and it's ended with their wedding at the Roman Catholic Church, Paignton, where Winnie's parents now live.

The bride now works in the office of a Torquay solicitor. She must feel she's a lucky girl when she thinks of the competition she beat!



# "Every day I think of revenge"

"YOU know," continued Silvio, "that I served in one of the Hussar regiments. My character is well known to you; I am accustomed to taking the lead. From my youth this has been my passion. In our time dissoluteness was the fashion, and I was the most outrageous man in the army. We used to boast of our drunkenness. I beat in a drinking bout the famous Bourstoff, of whom Denis Davidoff has sung.

"Duels in our regiment were constantly taking place, and in all of them I was either second or principal. My comrades adored me, while the regimental commanders, who were constantly being changed, looked upon me as a necessary evil."

"I was calmly enjoying my reputation, when a young man belonging to a wealthy and distinguished family—I will not mention his name—joined our regiment. Never in my life have I met with such a fortunate fellow!"

"Imagine to yourself youth, wit, beauty, unbounded gaiety, the most reckless bravery, a famous name, untold wealth—imagine all these, and you can form some idea of the effect

★ ★ ★

that he would be sure to produce among us.

"My supremacy was shaken. Dazzled by my reputation, he began to seek my friendship, but I received him coldly, and without the least regret he held aloof from me. I took a hatred to him.

"His success in the regiment and in the society of ladies brought me to the verge of despair. I began to seek a quarrel with him. To my epigrams he replied with epigrams which always seemed to me more spontaneous and more cutting than mine, and which were decidedly more amusing, for he joked while I fumed.

"At last, at a ball given by a Polish landed proprietor, seeing him the object of the attention of all the ladies, and especially of the mistress of the house, with whom I was upon very good terms, I whispered some grossly insulting remark in his ear.

"He flamed up and gave me a slap in the face. We grasped our swords; the ladies fainted; we were separated; and that same night we set out to fight.

"The dawn was just breaking. I was standing at the appointed place with my three seconds. With inexplicable impatience I awaited my opponent. The spring sun rose, and it was already growing hot. I saw him coming in the distance.

"He was walking on foot, accompanied by one second. We advanced to meet him. He approached, holding his cap filled with black cherries. The seconds measured twelve paces for us.

"I had to fire first, but my agitation was so great that I could not depend upon the steadiness of my hand; and in order to give myself time to become calm, I ceded to him the first shot. My adversary would not agree to this. It was decided that we should cast lots. The first number fell to him, the constant favourite of fortune.

"He took aim, and his bullet went through my cap. It was now my turn. His life at last was in my hands; I looked at him eagerly, endeavouring to detect if only the faintest shadow of un-

easiness. But he stood in front of my pistol, picking out the ripest cherries from his cap and spitting out the stones, which flew almost as far as my feet."

"His indifference annoyed me beyond measure.

"What is the use," thought I, "of depriving him of life, when he attaches no value whatever to it?" A malicious thought flashed through my mind. I lowered my pistol.

"You don't seem to be ready for death just at present," I said to him. "You wish

to have your breakfast; I do not wish to hinder you."

"You are not hindering me in the least," replied he. "Have the goodness to fire, or just as you please—the shot remains yours; I shall always be ready at your service."

"I turned to the seconds, informing them that I had no intention of firing that day, and with that the duel came to an end.

"I resigned my commission and retired to this little place. Since then not a day has passed that I have not thought of revenge. And now my hour has arrived."

Silvio took from his pocket the letter he had received that morning and gave it to me to read. Someone (it seemed to be his business agent) wrote to him from Moscow that a certain person was going to be married to a young and beautiful girl.

"You can guess," said Silvio, "who the certain person is. I am going to Moscow. We shall see if he will look death in the face with as much indifference now, when he is on the eve of being married, as he did once with his cherries!"

With these words Silvio rose, threw his cap upon the floor, and began pacing up and down the room like a tiger in his cage. I had listened to him in silence; strange, conflicting feelings agitated me.

The servant entered and announced that the horses were ready. Silvio grasped my hand tightly, and we embraced each other. He seated himself in his telegra, in which lay two trunks, one containing his pistols, the other his effects.

We said goodbye once more, and the horses galloped off.

(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today

1. A gar is a Mexican judge, berry, fish, sculptor's chisel, backyard?

2. Who wrote (a) She, (b) They?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Oboe, Clarinet, Cachuca, Balalaika, Bassoon?

4. What professional men take the Hippocratic Oath?

5. When was the cricket "over" increased to eight balls?

6. Cleopatra's Needle was erected in London in 1858, 1868, 1878, 1888?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Comissariat, Heptagonal, Laconic, Kickshaw, Mountbank.

8. What rank in the Navy is equivalent to a "Wren"?

9. If a horse breaks its collarbone, must it be shot?

10. What is the most northerly railway in the world?

11. What is the capital of Peru?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) As yellow as —, (b) As hungry as —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 242

1. RECTangle.

2. NEWTON.

3. CAN, CAD, DAD, DID,

AID, ADD, ADA.

EASTER, MASTER, MAT-

TER, BATTER, BETTER, LET-

TER.

SHOE, SHOT, SOOT, BOOT,

BOAT, BEAT, HEAT, HEAL,

HEEL.

LOAN, LEAN, BEAN, BEAT,

BEST, LEST, LAST, LASH,

CASH.

4. Last, Lest, Star, Rats, Rate,

Tear, Tare, Rest, Chat, Char,

Rose, Sore, Roes, Hoar, Rose,

Tore, Lore, Role, Roar, Real,

Arch, etc.

Latch, Larch, Roach, Chest,

Cheat, Cleat, Clear, Trash,

Short, Chart, Ochre, Store,

Roles, Loser, Loath, Heart,

Heals, Slate, Tales, Shalt,

Horse, etc.

5. Tinge.

6. Toast.

7. Niggardly.

8. Short wave.

9. Beard.

10. Bird.

11. Drink

12. Bulbous plant.

13. Come in.

14. Golf strokes.

15. Sort of monkey.

16. Deal with.

17. Permission.

18. Current unit.

19. Triumphed.

20. Poems.

21. Natural.

22. Excellent

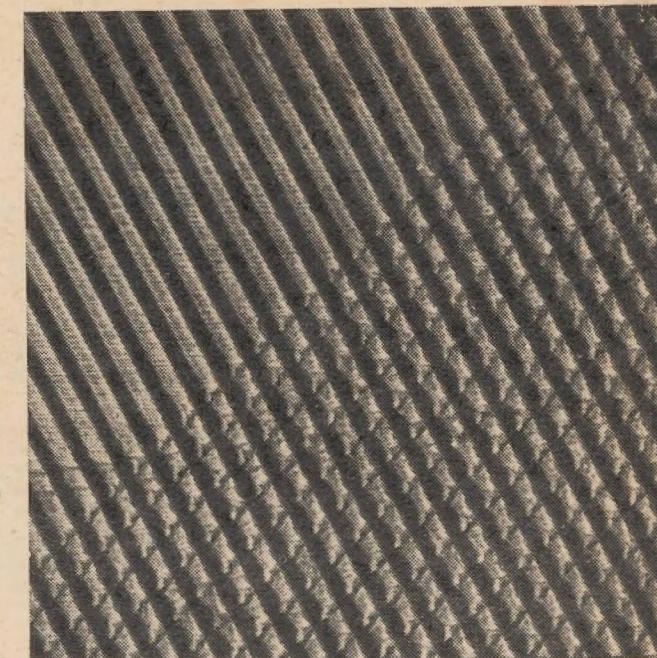
23. Staffordshire town

24. Childlike walk.

25. Direction.

"There, sir! That's the last one out! Er—care to barter your meat ration?"

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

## ODD CORNER

**IN** 1936 over £3,000,000 were spent on boring for oil in Britain. Geologists advised against it, but commercial enthusiasts persisted in spending other people's money in the hope of "striking lucky." The geologists were right—there is no large quantity of oil under Britain. The reason is curious. Coal and oil are both derived from prehistoric vegetation, and both contain carbon. The carbon in Britain has formed coal—therefore, it has not formed oil. This is known as White's Law, and a more

precise statement of it is that where local coals contain more than 65 to 70 per cent. of carbon, petroleum is never found except in minute quantities. All British coals contain from 71 to 85 per cent. carbon.

The small quantities of oil which have occurred in the past include the Hardstoft well in Derbyshire, which produced about a ton of oil a day in 1918, and there were three other wells, producing about 100 gallons a month in the Midlands. The oil was used for lubrication and lighting the collieries for a few years.

A peculiar dark brown paraffin wax once exuded from the Ladysmith Colliery at Whitehaven, while a bright yellow tar, which dried to form an elastic bitumen, was once found at Castleton. A related product is the natural gas which was tapped by accident at Heathfield, Sussex, in 1896, and which is still used to light the local station.

In the Forest of Dean there is a gold reef thirty miles long which is said to equal the Rand in quality, if not in quantity. The "Free Miners of the Forest" are allowed to stake their claims and work them themselves.

T	A	C	I	T
P	E	A	C	H
M	A	T	C	H
P	E	R	I	L
S	T	O	R	E
T	O	U	C	H
M	A	X	I	M



## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9
10		"			12				
13						14			
15			16		17				
18		19		20			21		
23	24	25			26	27	28		
29			30		31				
32			33		34				
35			36						
37					38				

CLUES DOWN.

2 Nut. 3 Be askew. 4 Pungent. 5 Equal. 6 Dainty Diner. 7 Coming out. 8 Corn to grind. 9 Printing measure. 11 Hide. 13 Visitor. 17 Wealthy. 19 Went by. 21 Part of play. 24 Wireless. 25 Correct. 27 Vigilant. 28 Ballots. 30 Mount. 32 Frequently. 34 By this time.

SODA LEDGER  
PRO EAGERLY  
IDLING BALO  
GILDS TIPE  
ON AUDITED  
TAB ROD SOP  
LEVERET NO  
D FAD WILES  
RAIL MANAGE  
ACTUARY MAR  
BESETS



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# OLD BOOTS TASTE GOOD TO HIM

By Peter Davis

IN the account books of the Admiralty, one name crops up again and again, that of Myer Levy. Whenever the Admiralty has anything it doesn't want, Mr. Myer Levy as often as not buys it.

Some of the incredible transactions in which he has been involved are: Forty thousand pairs of boots damaged by water; thousands of left-footed boots; and a hundred thousand old and dirty leather jerkins.

For all these articles he has found a job. He is famed through London as the man who buys what nobody else wants.

He looks over piles of junk—and in them he sees opportunities of fortune.

His great chance came when the Admiralty wanted to sell its old boots.

Leather dealers inspected the goods, but when they found thousands of pairs were in sizes 10 to 16 they sniffed.

"Nobody has such big feet," they declared.

When they found that many of the boots were odd and fitted only the left foot they walked away.

Myer Levy studied the situation more seriously. A ten per cent. deposit, he discovered, would give him a corner in old boots. So he plunked down his savings.

Two strange facts spelled £ s. d. for him in the boots nobody wanted. One was that many Irish folk go barefooted when young. The other was that Afghans wear no socks.

Levy knew the Irish became very broad-footed as a result of going without shoes. So he had the outsize boots cut down a few sizes.

It cost only a shilling a pair, and though the resultant boots were strangely broad, they sold very well to the Irish.

Other large sizes were shipped straight off to Afghanistan, where they at once found a market. For Levy knew that the Afghans wrap rags around their feet and need large boots in consequence.

With the stacks of boots all fitting one foot, Levy adopted cute measures. He simply had the soles of many left boots taken off and turned over, and sewn on again. With a trifling alteration to the uppers they made perfect pairs.

In no time Levy had discharged his debt, and found himself with a profit so handsome that he was able to build a large office and factory building.

Then he read that the Thames Embankment had been flooded, and forthwith he put through his second big deal.

Forty thousand pairs of Army boots had been damaged by water. Levy bought the lot at dirt-cheap rates, and found that only one pair in five had been affected by the damp. It so happened that his father was the proprietor of some public baths. So Levy phoned up Papa Levy.

"You know the tank rooms where the water is warmed for the baths?" he said; "can I store eight thousand pairs of wet boots there and get them dried?"

His idea worked like a charm. The boots dried in the warm air and only needed to be dubbinized to be as good as new.

One day the War Office had another junk lot of Guardsmen's bearskins, some so old that they had seen service at Balaclava. Levy had them cut up, cleaned, and sewn together flat, eight or ten at a time.

In homes all over Britain to-day, thanks to Levy's business sense, there are nice bear-skin rugs!

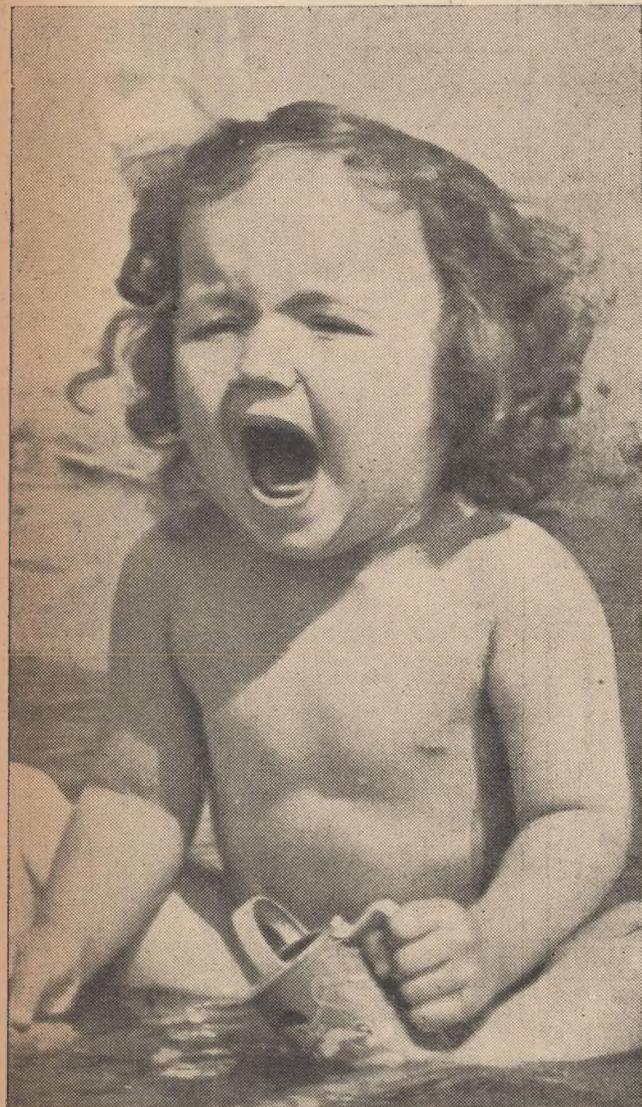


"Quick, Marjorie! Take your clothes off—here comes the wife!"

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## QUEEN CANUTE



She 'Can-can' dance, can Reymond Seton. G.M. photographer George Nixon caught her like this at the Whitehall Theatre.



## This England

One of Yorkshire's beauty spots. How Stean Gorge, in the Nidderdale Valley of the West Riding.



## THE TRUNK-CALL OF THE CIRCUS



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wait for the starting-gun, sister."

